



# High School isn't what it seems



28 0 3

## Chapter 1 by Kaylee

If I was to be completely honest with you I was relieved that school was starting again. Even though every time someone asked me I would shake my head no and laugh with them.

My Alarm went off at Six o'clock but I was already awake and riled with tension. Climbing into the shower I thought to myself; What if this school year wasn't what I expected it be? Of course I knew it wouldn't meet all my expectations and surpass others but I couldn't help but be nervous. I would have continued on this thought path had soap not ran into my eyes. Cursing I hopped out of the shower and dried my hair.

My bathroom was size of most people's bedrooms and was only so because my parents were insanely rich. Most of the people in Alaska were. My mother and Father both worked as the only doctors in our small town.

I looked at myself in the slightly foggy mirror in the bathroom. I wasn't particularly pretty. My blonde hair fell flat against my shoulders, my eyes were a dull dark blue, and my cheek bones were bit too high. Besides that though I definitely wasn't lacking in the breasts or curves department.

My bedroom had floor to ceiling windows showing off the Lake and densely wooded area behind our house. It wasn't exactly clean though, cloths laid on the back of every chair. Pens and pencils were all over the place and books were stacked on every available space.

I had already picked out my outfit a couple night in advance in fact. A pale blue blouse and dark

jeans with white shoes. All of it came together to compliment my almost tan skin. That's when I glanced at the clock and started to panic. I didn't have time to get ready. I rushed out the door opening my car's door and got in. I started the engine and drove to school. I saw missed texts from gen and through my phone I saw that I had a new message. I looked at it and saw it was from my dad. I looked at the time and saw it was 7:00 AM. I looked at the clock and started to panic. I didn't have time to get ready. I rushed out the door opening my car's door and got in. I started the engine and drove to school. I saw missed texts from gen and through my phone I saw that I had a new message. I looked at it and saw it was from my dad. I looked at the time and saw it was 7:00 AM.

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I sped on the way to gems house hoping not to be late. Normally the kids in Alaska would have their own cars like I did. But Gem had failed her driver's test, a couple of times, and was now on probation.

I drove up to her gate and she was already standing outside, outlined by the huge doric columns. That's the thing about her house. It was a mansion, twenty seven bedrooms, thirty bathrooms. It even had a front courtyard with a fountain and statue garden. Her parents actually owned the school we went to, and the elementary school and the mall. So they were pretty big time rich.

It was snowing now so the entire ground was covered in white. She stood out in a bright pink parka, green pants, and light brown hair. She came over and jumped into the passenger side of my car.

"Your late" she said looking at me with a raised eyebrow. Gemma Celeste Wenzel was tall with brown hair and blue eyes. She was flat cheasted and almost always was smiling.

Putting the car in reverse I started backing down the drive."first day gitters I guess" I mumbled. She looked at my speedometer and scoffed.

"Why are you driving sooooo slow" she asked "we never make it" she whined. Stomping her foot against my carpet.

I laughed "Because I'm a responsible driver, unlike someone I know who failed their driving test a couple times" I stared pointily at her. About half way to school I pulled off the road. I turned off the ignition and stepped out of the car.

I walked up to the trees next to my car and held aside a branch. Behind it was a small circular clearing with two benches. Gemma handed me a cigarette which I promptly lite. We stood there stomping our feet to keep from getting forstbite and chain smoking. Gemma liked it more than I did, she could smoke five in a row.

Out of nowhere she said "I'm nervous" This was our third year of high school. There was nothing much to be nervous about, yet. I was.

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"It's just like we're going to go back and everything will be different" I considered this for a moment and we left.

She was right.

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